THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 30, 1808.

Important Improvements in North Wales.

THIS division of Great Britain has been long in a dormant state; but, of late, a vigorous spirit of improvement manifests itself in different counties, especially in Caernarvonshire. Among the chief promoters of it may be reckoned W. A. Madocks, Esq. M. P. A concise statement of what has been done by this gentleman, in the short period of six years, will shew how greatly proprietors in this part of the kingdom might improve their rents, yet better the condition of the lower classes of the community.

Mr. Madocks possesses property in several counties of Wales, and also in Lincolnshire; for a town in which county (Boston) he now sits for the third time in parliament. His principal residences are at Dolymyllynllyn in Caernarvonshire; here he laid the foundation of an immense estate, and has created a flourishing district, by calling forth, in various ways, its dormant resources.

The public improvements now executing in North Wales, from this gentleman's plans, are the following:

1. A new harbour at Porthdylleyn, whence a safe and constant passage may be effected to Dublin, as there is, at all times, abundance of water for passage boats. This great undertaking, of which Mr. Jonas Parry is also an eminent promoter and holder of shares, will soon be completed.

2. A new road from this harbour to join the English roads, by which thirty miles will be saved to travellers from London to Dublin, independently of much time, and avoiding the delay and danger of crossing the Conway and Bangor ferries.

3. An improved line of perfectly level road from the harbour of Porthdynlleyn through the new town of Tre-Madoc to

Worcester and London, by which forty miles will be saved between Dublin and London, and fifty miles between Dublin and Bath, Cheltenham, and the western towns. This road leads through very beautiful and romantic scenery.

4. An excellent road from Pont Aberglasslyn to Tre-Madoc. This was marked out on the ground by Mr. M.'s own hand, assisted by Dr. Morris, of Morva Lodge, on the sides of mountains so steep that a man could scarcely dare to walk upright. It is now finished.

The improvements going forward at Tre-Madoc are,

1. A harbour on the south-east boundary of the estate, viz. Ynys-Congor.

2. A canal from this harbour to the town of Tre-Madoc—finished.

3. The town of Tre-Madoc. This, when finished, will contain one street of a mile in length, and several cross streets, of a quarter of a mile each; besides three squares. There are already built a market-place, and elegant market-house; a large church, two excellent inns, and upwards of a hundred houses. A weekly market is established, with annual fair and races. The houses are all built of grey granite, and covered with blue slate.* The ground it stands on, with some hundreds of acres adjoining, was gained from the sea by the embanking in 1800.

4. Embanking eight years ago, 1800 acres of land from the sea; the greater part of which lets from 30 to 40 shillings per acre.

5. Another embankment is begun, of shore-lands, contiguous, that will gain 3500 acres of equal value, which, when finished, will be the noblest thing of the kind hitherto undertaken in Britain. An iron rail-way will be placed on the top of the embankment, which will connect the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, before separated by this oozy inlet of the sea. On this great undertaking at Tre-Madoc, Mr. Lowdon was consulted.

6. Irrigating and flooding a large proportion of the land gained from the sea.

7. Planting several hundreds of acres of rocky spots and mountainous steeps; a work annually proceeding. So rapid has been the growth of these plantations, that the parts first planted are already worth from 60l. to 100l. an acre. A large nursery is established near the town, and considerable tracts of mountain are every year inclosed, and covered with larch. The scarcity of wood in this part of Wales, and the importance of Ynys-

* In addition to these buildings, he is, in many parts of the estate, erecting comfortable cottages, with a due apportionment of land, which is as sound policy as it is real humanity.

Yns-Congor harbour, will render such plantations of great value in a very few years.

8. Establishing a complete woollen manufactory on the estate, and in the town an improved tan-work in which the tormentil is used.

9. To these may be added, the building of an elegant villa, in a style, the simplicity of which corresponds with the nature of the scenery around it. The disposition also of the extensive grounds; the views from and round which, for several miles, are among the most singular and romantic in Wales.*

These public improvements are widely felt by the adjoining counties, and when the harbour and new roads are finished (for which Mr. M. has obtained separate acts of parliament) the influx of wealth into this part of North Wales, will totally alter and improve the condition of its inhabitants.

* Mr. M. has also built several adjacent villas, for the accommodation of his particular friends; thus uniting the high pleasures of a select society, to the rural, quiet, and agricultural comforts of the country.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 37.

MR. EDITOR,

THE public prints teem with such repeated accounts of *suicide*, that I take up the papers with a kind of prophetic horror; anticipating, in every column, additional instances of the depravity and cowardice of human nature. *Cowardice!!* Oh 'tis too inexpressive a term! I would fain coin a fresh epithet, still more disgusting to the heroic bosom of an *Englishman.*

"Those only are the *brave* who keep the ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis *mad!*
No frenzy half so desperate as this."

At present, this dreadful infatuation rages with unusual fatality. Even many who have accumulated immense fortunes, or rendered themselves conspicuous by philosophical attainments, sink (willing votaries) into this unfathomable abyss of worldly disgrace and eternal misery. And what are we to infer from it, but that religion is trampled on by the unhallowed

fect of infidelity? Our coroners (sympathising with the author of my quotation) seem to think that no one but a *madman* would be guilty of such a crime, and therefore almost invariably attribute its commission to lunacy. But does not such a lenient palliation, in some degree, diminish the enormity of the deed, and render it less odious to the eyes of the world? I think it does, and consequently disapprove of such verdicts, unless grounded on facts perfectly irrefragable.

"Evil communications," we are told, "corrupt good manners;" and public example is little less conducive to depravity. The indiscretions of nobility, however discountenanced by the real Christian, frequently descend to the lower orders of society, clothed in the specious and deceitful garb of *fashion*. If his lordship has a Sunday rout or card-club, shall we be astonished if his uneducated vassals sink still deeper into the vortex of vice? Or if his lordship's ears may be innocently gratified by the festive music of a jig, why may not his clownship's heels actively attest the influence of a similar enjoyment? I hold the same argument equally valid in respect to learning. If I have superiors in life—men renowned for the profundity of their erudition—I naturally look up to them as oracles; and if such *sages* publicly assert that

> "Death is nothing, and nought after death;
> That when men die, at once they cease to be,
> Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
> Whence first they sprung."

Surely, when calamity assails me, and hope withholds its consolation, the impulse of their erroneous notions produces a forcible effect on the mind; and (perverted by their false philosophy) I do not hesitate to add to the polluted and disgraceful list of self-murderers. Oh! happy, thrice happy, are those (however despised by the undiscerning votaries of caprice and fashion) who owe their chief learning to the blessed gospel of peace and salvation! If *honour*, *wealth*, or *genius* are obnoxious to the delusive fatality of *error*, shield me, for ever shield me, O Providence! from their allurements. Rather let me glide to Heaven over the swift but peaceful current of obscure poverty, than be hurried forward (no one knows whither) by the impetuous torrent of infatuated ambition.

Aware of the futility of such humble arguments as mine, I shall enter no farther on the subject, but conclude in the words of the author of the Grave.

> "Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame;
> That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
> Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
> Self-preservation, fall by her own act?

Forbid

Forbid it Heaven! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And mattered not his wrath."

I sincerely wish, Mr. Editor, that some more able correspondent would brandish his pen on this subject, as it appears to me a matter of national importance.

Your's, &c.

X.

An original Anecdote for the Letter-Box.

There are few men who assume more official consequence than parish clerks, whose familiar impertinence proves a frequent source of annoyance to the clergy. As an instance of which I will relate an incident that actually occurred not long since in Devonshire.—The parson, after he got into the pulpit, took out three or four sermons, and, while the psalm was singing, employed himself in selecting one for immediate use, laying down the others by his side. Old Amen attentively observed this, and after the preacher had proceeded a little way in his discourse, which was not one of the most *animated* kind, the clerk thus audibly addressed him: "Measter, Measter! suppose you try one of the *wother* zarments."

V. U.

MR. EDITOR,

I have somewhere met with a ridiculous story of the fierce effects of an Irish lover's despair, and of the unparalleled stupidity of a loggerheaded spectator. Having attempted it in verse, I send it for insertion in the Letter-Box; and am,

Your's, &c.

X.

1.

To lovers, destitute of hope,
How vain is consolation!
They rather chuse a friendly rope,
Or drowning or starvation.

2.

Patrick, a slave to Sheelah's charms,
Wrote many a bright epistle,
But Sheelah spurn'd him from her arms,
And bade the wretch go whistle.

3.

3.

Deep in the agony of grief,
When every hope forsook him,
Resolving to obtain relief,
He to a pond betook him.

4.

And in he bounc'd, and flounc'd about,
Like whales in shallow water,
But found that drowning (luckless lout!)
Was no such easy matter.

5.

Perceiving all his efforts vain,
He next a tree ascended,
Where, in compassion to his pain,
A cord the business ended.

6.

Old Murphy, who (devoid of care)
Stood gaping at a distance,
E'en let him dance a jig in air,
Nor ran to his assistance.

7.

And why? the rogue! "*Why* (Murphy cries
Invoking curses on his eyes)
"Pat very wisely did it.
Well *drench'd*, he hung him up to *dry*;
And should I *check* him? No, not I,
St. Jeromy! forbid it."

ERRATUM.—No. 34, page 363, line 27, for *transmigration*, read *transubstantiation*.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

CONSISTORY COURT, DOCTOR'S COMMONS,

May 13, 1808.

INQUIRY RESPECTING THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF THE REV. F. STONE, RECTOR OF COLD NORTON, IN ESSEX.

THIS was a prosecution instituted by his majesty's procurator-general, on behalf of the state, against the Rev. F.

Stone, rector of Norton, in Essex, on the charges of having preached, on the 8th of July, 1806, a visitation sermon, in the church of Danbury, before the archdeacon of the diocese, and afterwards printed and published the same, in which he denied the doctrine of the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, the holy trinity, the divinity of our lord and saviour, and the atonement by the birth and death of Christ. In support of these charges the depositions of the archdeacon and four other clergymen were read to the court; also the depositions of Mr. J. Johnson, of St. Paul's church-yard, and Mr. Staines, of Chelmsford, booksellers, to prove the printing and publication thereof. Mr. Stone read a written defence, which occupied nearly two hours. Sir W. Scott was of opinion, that the charges were clearly established, and said he could not resist the act of parliament, but deferred giving final judgment 'till the next court-day, in order to give the party an opportunity to revoke his error. Should he decline this, he will be deprived of his preferments.

CONSISTORY COURT,

Doctor's Commons, *May* 20.

This being the day appointed for the Rev. Mr. Francis Stone to revoke certain doctrines which he had preached and published, contradictory to the established religion, an immense concourse of people collected in the court-room and hall adjoining. At half past nine o'clock Sir William Scott took his seat, and Mr. Stone placed himself at the bar. Mr. Stone, on being called upon, produced a paper, which was read, and which he offered as a revocation of the doctrine which had given offence.

In substance it was, that he was unaware of having contravened any act of parliament relative to religion, but that he had always made the holy scriptures the rule of his belief. He confessed that at an early period of his life he had subscribed to the 39 articles, and that he had uniformly since supported their spirit.

Sir John Nicholl then made a speech of considerable length, wherein he animadverted, in very severe terms, on the unaccountable conduct of the reverend gentleman, who, instead of apologizing for his error, after the lenient indulgence that had been granted him, still persisted in maintaining his heretical doctrine, under the plausible pretext of a revocation. Sir John begged leave to observe, that he would not, by any means, wish to force opinions upon a man which he could not conscientiously believe; but in conformity to his duty, he could not avoid pressing the present prosecution, which was founded upon a very important act of parliament. That act provided, that no

person

person in holy orders should be allowed to preach any doctrine subversive of, or contrary to, the 39 articles of belief, and as an offence against that statute had been clearly proved against, and admitted by, the defendant, it became his duty, in his official capacity, to pray the court for the sentence the act prescribed. The constitution of the land had left every man the liberty of choosing his own religion, but it had wisely provided against persons, professing dissenting principles, participating in the emoluments appropriated to the ministers of the established church.

Dr. Laurence followed on the same side. It was not his intention to wound the personal feelings of the reverend gentleman, but he would furnish him with a piece of advice. The offence whereof he was found guilty subjected him to a forfeiture of his benefice; and should he repeat his offence, the law of the land sentenced him to three years confinement in any gaol his majesty should appoint, and that without the benefit of bail or mainprise. The learned doctor concluded with praying the sentence of the court, should the reverend defendant not make the revocation suggested.

Mr. Stone—"I conceive the holy scriptures to contain all the doctrine and instruction necessary to salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ." The doctrine of the church of England appeared to him to have no better authority than that of the church of Rome; they were both erroneous; only the romanist's was the more absurd. They were pope against pope, each asserting their respective infallibility. The principle of intolerance was common to both. When he was originally ordained a priest, he admitted that the holy scriptures were the only rule of his faith, and that he should always apply to them in the conscientious discharge of his duty. To swear a man to preach according to the spirit of the holy scriptures, and to make him conform his preaching to the provisions of an act of parliament, was a species of ecclesiastical chicanery, to which he could not find a parallel.

Sir John Nicholl interrupted the reverend gentleman, and observed, that the court did not sit to examine the merits of his system of belief, but to determine the question which he had been called to answer. The law determined what he had preached and published to be error, and it was for him, either to recant it, or submit to the sentence which the law had provided for such an offence.

Sir William Scott said, he had heard the defendant with great impatience. Instead of a formal recantation, as had been requested of him, he only persisted in his former error. What consolation the reverend gentleman would derive from his conduct, he was utterly unable to say.

Mr. Stone said, he had fulfilled the oath taken at his ordination, and, if he erred, he was answerable to God, and him alone. He conceived that he had as good a right to preach the worship of one God, as the Trinitarians had to preach the unity of three deities in one; and as many other sectaries who preached doctrines different from that acknowledged by the established church. At all events, he should conform himself to God's word, and not to any act of parliament. He, however, requested the learned judge would be kind enough to instruct any person, properly qualified, to draw out the form of a recantation, and give him a week to consider of it; he would be happy to sign it, if not contradictory to the dictates of his conscience. He was the more solicitous to retain his living, as he had a wife and seven children unprovided for, and entirely dependant on his support. He felt it a severe trial to throw them on the protection of the Almighty, but he should sooner submit to that, than sacrifice his duty to his Creator.

Sir William Scott said, he did not require any formal revocation, in writing, of the doctrines he had preached, but to acknowledge them verbally and openly in court, and to declare his belief in the 39 articles of the church of England, as established by law.

Mr. Stone said, he would not, by any means, sacrifice his duty to God, nor could he agree to the terms prescribed to him by Sir William Scott, unless with a salvo of conscience.

Sir William Scott observed, the law permitted no salvo of conscience.

Dr. Laurence begged leave to remark, that neither he or his learned friend, who conducted the prosecution, meant or wished to argue the doctrine themselves. This he wished particularly to observe, lest some of the auditors should depart under an impression that they had been hearing a theological argument.

Mr. Stone said, that he believed God to be the principal saviour of the world, and Jesus Christ to be his agent; God condemned us all to everlasting punishment, but had reversed this judgment through the medium of Jesus Christ.

Sir William Scott interrupted him, and said, the only question which he had to determine was, whether Mr. Stone had revoked the errors which he was proved to have preached and published? The statements made by Mr. Stone were unsatisfactory; the justness of his arguments in support of his opinions was not a competent subject for him to judge upon. He thought the indulgence of another week would be productive of no good. If he did not avail himself of the present opportunity of revoking the error, no alternative was left him, but to

certify his case to the diocesan bishop, to whom he belonged, who would pronounce the sentence of the law.

Dr. Porteus, the bishop of London, attended by his dean and chapter, and several prebends, was then introduced, and the case being reported by Sir William Scott, the reverend prelate pronounced his sentence of degradation against Mr. Stone, according to the forms prescribed by the law, depriving him of the benefice of his living at Cold Norton, in Essex.

Immediately after sentence was pronounced, Mr. Stone lifted up his eyes towards Heaven, and exclaimed—"God's will be done," and retired. The living is worth 500l. a year.

Extracts from M. Hue's recent Publication, entitled, "The Last Years of Louis XVI."

(Concluded from Page 409.)

"ONE day, the conversation turning upon the different parties in the convention: 'Most of the deputies,' said the king, 'might have been easily purchased.' 'What, Sire, could have been your reason for not doing it? were the means wanting?' 'No; I had the means; the money was lent me; but it must, one day, have been repaid from the public stock. I could not prevail upon myself to use it for corruption. The funds of the civil list, being the substitute for the funds from my own domains, left me, perhaps, more at liberty; but the irregularity of the payments, and my necessary expences, would not allow of it.'

"Another day, the king mentioned to me the total want of money in which he had been kept since his imprisonment. 'Your two colleagues,' said he, 'have devoted themselves entirely to my defence. They give me all their time and attention, and, in the situation in which I am, I have not the means to remunerate them. I thought of leaving them a legacy; but would it be paid?' 'It is paid, Sire....!' By choosing them for your defenders, you have immortalized their names.

"Finding, in this conversation, that the king was very much affected at not having it in his power to bestow the slightest bounty on any person whatever, I went to the Temple, the next day, with a purse full of gold. 'Sire,' said I, presenting it to him, 'permit a family, whose riches are partly owing to the bounty of yourself and of your ancestors, to lay this offering at your feet.' The king, at first, refused it; but yielded to my entreaties. I have since learned that, after his death, the purse was found unopened among his effects. He had taken the precaution to affix to it a label, on which was written,

ten, in his own hand, ‘ Money to be returned to M. de Malesherbes.’ A notice that was not attended to.

“ One day, when I went to the Temple, after having passed, with scarce any intermission, six and thirty hours in several committees of the convention, the king reproved me. ‘ My friend,’ said he, ‘ why exhaust yourself thus? Even were this labour sure to gain my cause, I would forbid it, though you would not obey me. But when I am convinced that it is unavailing, I beg you to be more prudent. The sacrifice of my life is doomed; preserve your's for a family that love you.’

“ The king was so persuaded that he was to die, that, on the very first day I was admitted to him, he took me aside, and said: ‘ My sister has given me the name and place of abode of a non-juring priest, whom I wish to assist me in my last moments. Go and see him for me, and persuade him to give me his assistance. This is a strange commission for a philosopher: but were you in my situation, how should I wish you to think like me! I repeat it to you, my friend, that religion comforts in a very different manner from philosophy.’ ‘ Sire,’ replied I, ‘ this commission is not so pressing.’ ‘ For me, nothing is more pressing,’ said he. Some days after, the king showed me his will and a codicil, both written by his own hand. His majesty allowed me to take a copy, on which there are some corrections in his own writing. I took these papers away with me, and sent them out of France, and I have heard of their safe arrival.

“ From the first of my going to the Temple, the king had expressed a wish to read some journals. I took the earliest opportunity to gratify his desire. I often witnessed the coolness with which he read the motions that were made against him in the tribune. However, among the many epithets, bestowed upon him, that of tyrant always hurt him. ‘ I a tyrant!’ said he. ‘ The whole concern of a tyrant is for himself. Has not my concern been always for my people? Do they or I hate tyranny most? They call me tyrant; yet know as well as you what I am.’ I likewise carried him a copy of the ballad composed at that time, and sung in every part of Paris. It was called: ‘ Louis XVI to the French;’ and was a parody of the passage in Jeremiah, beginning, *Populo meus! quid feci tibi?* ‘ O my people! what have I done to you?’ In the perusal of it, the king experienced some moments of consolation.

“ One morning, as I was waiting in the council-room 'till I could be admitted into the tower, I looked over some periodical papers; on which, a municipal, addressing himself to me, said: ‘ How can you, a friend of Louis, think of showing him papers in which he is always so ill treated?’ ‘ Louis XVI,’ I

replied, ‘ is not a man like many others.’ This municipal had been a gentleman.

“ The king saw, with a mixture of surprise and pain, persons of noble descent meanly serving the enemies of the throne and of the nobility. ‘ That men,’ said he to me, ‘ who are born in an obscure condition, that even they who were nobly descended, but who had never had an opportunity of knowing me, should have trusted and blindly followed the enemies of my authority, does not astonish me. But that men placed about my person, and loaded with my favours, should have increased the number of my persecutors, is what I cannot comprehend. God is my witness that I cherish no hatred towards them, and even, that if it were in my power to do them any good, I still would.’

“ I have not yet spoken to you,” said M. de Malesherbes, ‘ upon a cruel subject, which went to the king’s heart;’ the injustice of the French towards the queen. ‘ Did they know her value,’ has he often repeated to me, ‘ did they know to what perfection she has exalted herself since our misfortunes, they would revere, they would cherish her; but, even before the period of our adversity, her enemies and mine had the art, by sowing calumnies among the people, to change to hatred that love of which she was so long the object.’ Then entering into a detail of the things that were imputed to her, he defended the queen.

“ You saw her,” said he to me, ‘ arrive at court. She was little more than a child. My mother and grandmother were both dead: she had, indeed, my aunts; but their rights over her were not of the same nature. Placed amidst a brilliant court, and having before her eyes a woman maintained there by intrigue, the queen, then dauphiness, was the daily witness of her pomp and prodigality. What must not she, who united in her own person so many advantages, have conceived of her own power and rights!’

“ To have associated with the favourite, would have been unworthy of the dauphiness. Compelled to enter into a kind of retirement, she adopted a mode of life exempt from ceremony and constraint, and continued in the habit of it after she came to the throne. Those manners, new at court, were too suitable to my own taste to be opposed by me. I was not, at that time, aware how dangerous it is for sovereigns to allow themselves to be seen too nearly. Familiarity banishes the respect which is necessary to those who govern. At first, the public applauded the dropping of the old customs, and afterwards made it a crime.

“ It was natural for the queen to wish to have friends. She distinguished the princess de Lamballe most. Her conduct, during our misfortunes, has fully justified that choice. The

countess

countess Jules de Polignac pleased her; she made her also her friend. At the request of the queen, I bestowed upon the countess, since duchess of Polignac, and her family, favours that excited envy. The queen and her friend became the objects of the most unjust censure.

"There was nothing," added the king, 'not even her affection for the emperor Joseph II, her brother, that calumny did not attack.' At first, it was whispered, then printed in several journals, and at last, confidently asserted in the tribune of the national assembly, that the queen had sent to Vienna, and given to the emperor, innumerable millions. An atrocious assertion, which the Abbé Maury clearly refuted.

"The factious," continued the king, 'are thus inveterate in decrying and blackening the queen, only to prepare the people to see her perish. Her death is determined. They fear that, if she lives, she will vindicate me. Unfortunate princess! my marriage promised her a throne; now, what a prospect does it offer her?'—Saying these words, the king pressed my hand, and shed tears.

"The day before this, the king asked me, if I had met *the white woman* in the Temple. 'No Sire,' answered I. 'What,' replied he, smiling, 'do not you know that, according to vulgar tradition, when any prince of my house is going to die, a woman, dressed in white, wanders about the palace?'

"When, in spite of the exertions of my colleagues and myself, the fatal sentence was pronounced, they entreated me to take upon me the mournful commission of breaking it to the king. I see him still; his back was turned to the door, his elbows rested on a table, and his face was covered with his hand. At the noise I made in entering, his majesty rose. 'For two hours,' said he, looking stedfastly at me, 'I have been endeavouring to recollect if, in the course of my reign, I have willingly given my subjects any just cause of complaint against me: and I protest to you, from the bottom of my heart, that I do not deserve any reproach from the French. I never had a wish but for their happiness.'

"I then disclosed to the king the sentence passed by the convention; and, repressing the grief with which I was penetrated—'One hope,' said I to him, 'yet remains, an appeal to the nation.' A motion of his head expressed to me, that he expected nothing from that. His resignation and his courage made a very strong impression upon me. The king perceived it. 'The queen and my sister,' said he to me, 'will not show less fortitude and resignation than I do. Death is preferable to their lot.'

"In spite of the king's opinion," continued M. de Malesherbes, "I had still some hope in an appeal to the nation; but his majesty knew his implacable enemies better than I did.

I depended likewise upon some favourable commotion. In returning with my colleagues from the assembly, where we had been to give notice of the king's appeal, several persons, with whom I was acquainted, surrounded me in the lobby of the hall, and assured me, that some faithful subjects would rescue the king from his executioners, or perish with him. 'Do you know them?' said he. 'No, Sire; but I may meet them again.' 'Do endeavour to find them out; and tell them, that I thank them for the zeal they show for me, but that they must repress it. Any attempt would expose their lives, without saving mine. When the use of force might have preserved my throne and life, I refused to resort to it; and shall I now cause French blood to be shed?'

"After this painful interview, I had the honour of one more conversation with the king. In taking leave of him, I could not restrain my tears. 'Tender-hearted old man,' said his majesty, pressing my hand, 'do not weep. We shall meet in a better world. I grieve to part with such a friend as you. Adieu! When you leave my room, restrain your feelings; —you must. Consider that you will be observed.—Adieu! adieu!'.

"I left the Temple with a broken heart. An Englishman of my acquaintance, meeting me the day before the sentence was passed by the convention, said to me: 'Good citizens have yet some hope, as the most unfortunate of kings has a defender in the most virtuous of men.' 'If Louis XVI. falls,' I replied, 'the defender of the most virtuous of kings will be the most unhappy of men.' My reply has been realized.

Sketch of the late celebrated but unfortunate Robert Burns.

THE life of this unfortunate bard commenced on the 29th of January, 1759, at a place situated about two miles from the town of Ayr, in Scotland. Descended from peasants, his first years were consigned to the labours of agriculture, in the midst of which, like some of the greatest men of antiquity, he was visited by his inspiring genius. Burns was the Bloomfield of Scotland; Bloomfield is the Burns of England. Both were found by the muse at the plough; both have delighted to sing the loves and joys of their native plains; and both have obtained the reputation and dignity of poets.

Love, however, first tuned the "wild harp" of Burns. With this passion he was deeply impressed even in his sixteenth year; "when," says Dr. Currie, "his attachments, though humble, were of a pure and interesting kind." This observation probably refers to the Mary whose worth he has affect-

ingly

ingly commemorated; and with whom he was early accustomed to wander by the delightful banks of Ayr, the spot where finally they met

"To live one day of parting-love!"

She was undoubtedly the object of his fervent and purest affection. "There should I," says her lover, writing to Mrs. Dunlop, December 13, 1789, and speaking of a future state) with speechless agony of rapture, again recognise my lost, my ever dear Mary! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love." How sincerely is it to be lamented, that such sentiments could not uniformly influence the character of Burns! He afterwards became unhappily married; being compelled to invest her with the controul of his life, whom he seems at first to have selected only for the gratification of a temporary inclination; and to this circumstance much of his misconduct is perhaps ascribable.

Genius, it must be confessed, did not contribute to the happiness of Burns. His expectation of preferment was attempted to be appeased by the paltry but dangerous post of an exciseman, which, as it facilitated the practice of intoxication, must have accelerated his dissolution. This event took place July 21, 1796, in the 38th year of his age.

"The poor inhabitant below—
Was quick to learn, and wise to know;
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame:
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!"

BURNS on himself.

Why is the Olive-Branch an Emblem of Peace?

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

IN the midst of a destructive war, it may seem quite out of season to present you with any remarks upon an emblem of peace. But an idea has occurred to me, concerning the origin of the adoption of the olive-branch as a pacific emblem, which I beg leave to suggest, though proceeding from no better source than imperfect conjecture; and it is offered to the public, with a hope of exciting those who are better qualified for the task to elucidate the subject, rather than from any wish to impose my own opinion upon others.

The adoption of the olive-branch, as an emblem of peace, is unquestionably of great antiquity. That as such it was not unknown to the old Romans, the following line from Virgil is of itself sufficiently conclusive:

" Pacifereque manu ramum prætendit olivæ."
Æn. 8. 116.

The Greeks too held the olive-branch in great esteem, and probably considered it as emblematical of peace; since in their civic games it was appointed as a token and reward of victory, the conqueror being crowned with it; for, as these sports were entirely pacific, it might, as an emblem of peace, not inaptly be used to dignify those who excelled in them. But other and more positive evidence of its being used by the Greeks, as a pacific emblem, may perhaps be met with in Greek writers, whom I have not an opportunity of consulting.

The olive branch is not, I believe, mentioned in the Bible, as being used by the Israelites under the character of a pacific emblem: but in the apocryphal book of Judith, we are informed that a garland of olive was placed upon Judith when the children of Israel rejoiced, because she had delivered them from the destruction with which Holofernes threatened them, and had opened to them a prospect of security and peace. Amongst these ancient nations, therefore, it would seem that a particular honour was attached to the olive-branch; and that it either assumed the office of a pacific emblem, or bore evident allusion to a successful, or happy termination of contest, danger, or calamity. The conclusion that I would draw from hence is, that the origin of this, its emblematical designation, is coeval with the universal deluge; and that it arose from the circumstance of the dove, which Noah sent out of the ark, returning with an olive-leaf, according to our translation of the Bible, or, which the Hebrew may signify, an olive-branch, as a token that the divine wrath was appeased, and the waters of the flood were abated. There can exist no doubt that the Greeks and Romans had some knowledge of the deluge, either handed down to them by tradition, or derived from the Jewish records, or heathen historians; and the olive-branch might still retain its appropriate designation, even after the reason of it was lost and forgotten; as we see in our own country, customs continued from ancient times, with the original cause of which we are now no longer acquainted.

Your's, &c.
W. SINGLETON.

Hunslope.

PESTS

PESTS *of* SOCIETY.

THERE is not a more intolerable nuisance in the world than an inquisitorial, intermeddling, false friend. Nothing more formidable than an opulent scoundrel, and an avaricious judge. Nothing more disgusting than a half-learned, dogmatical scholar. Nothing more common than a knavish gamester. Nothing more despicable than a prince who is guilty of a lie. Nothing more ridiculous than an amorous old man or woman; a poor person who is proud; or a bully without spirit.

F O R K S.

VOLTAIRE says forks were in use in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (Hist. Générale, vol. ii. edit. 1757, p. 169). Speaking of the manners and customs of those ages, he says, "Mussus, ecrivain Lombard du quatorzieme siecle, regarde comme un grand luxe, les fouchettes, les cuillères, and les tasses d'argent."

That the use of them was a novelty in Queen Elizabeth's reign is evident from this passage in the first part of Fynes Morison's Itinerary, p. 208, who speaking of his bargain with the patron of the vessel which conveyed him from Venice towards Constantinople, says, "We agreed with the master himself, who for seven golden crowns by the month, paid by each of us, did courteously admit us to his table, and gave us good diet, serving each man with his knife, and spoone, and his *forke* (to hold the meat, while he cuts, for they hold it ill manners that one should touch the meat with his hand), and with a glass or cup to drink in peculiar to himself."

Answer, by Triangularius, of Evershot School, to G. Harvey's Question, inserted January 25.

BY the nature of the question it is evident that the greater number must = to the □ of half the lesser, whose square root must also be = to the same number; consequently the lesser is found = 16, and the greater = 64, which numbers will answer the conditions of the question.

☞ Similar answers have been received from W. Pike, of Exeter; J. Higman, of Kingsbridge; Minus; J. Thomas, of St. Agnes; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; R. Maffett, of Plymouth; W. Backhouse, of Evercreech; and W. Woon, of Grampound.

Answer, by J. Horsey, at Castle Cary Academy, to Rusticus's Enigma, inserted April 11.

THO' great the pow'r of SKILL it cannot save,
The most illustrious monarch from the grave.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Trood, J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; and G. Russell, of Castle Cary.

Answer, by S. D. of South Petherton, to Edward's Rebus, inserted April 11.

'TIS NETTLETON, if right I deem,
Who has been hid, but now is seen.

⁂ We have received the like answer from Hester Easter, of Poole; Frederick Arden, of South Petherton; and J. Tucker, of Ottery Barracks.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

WHAT cowards fear transpose aright,
A small inclosure comes in sight;
Transpose again, and on my word,
You'll quickly find a well-known bird.

A REBUS, *by R. Withall, of Plymouth.*

A Num'ral will my first explain;
A certain card you'll next attain;
These parts unite, they'll shew, quite clear,
What oft I've seen the ladies wear.

A REBUS, *by J. Woodman, of North Curry.*

WHAT oft appears in this most pleasing page;
A famous poet of the ancient age;
A useful grain that grows in Britain's isle;
A liquor that your senses will beguile;
A king of Thebes, gents. you will next explore;
Him who fell glorious off Trafalgar's shore:
Th' initials join, they will declare,
What helps to decorate the fair.

A CHARADE, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN Mars rides furious on his bloody car,
And armies meet to try the fate of war;
When cannons roar, and dying groans resound,
Then doth my first deal death and slaughter round.
But soft! I now would have you look about,
To find a mean and paltry scoundrel out;
And that the same you may not overcast,
You must take only three-fourths of my last.
My curious whole doth take an airy flight,
'Midst thousands' mortals wond'ring at the sight,
Who after it their eyes incessant raise
'Till hov'ring clouds obscure their ardent gaze.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

WOMAN.

FOOL that I was! to dream of bliss
In such a wretched world as this,
Where 'tis the lot of no man!
And still more simple, still more vain,
To think that blessing to obtain
From false, ungrateful woman.

"Woman"—Oh never let me hear
A sound so odious to my ear,
So fatal to my pleasure!
I trusted to a woman's vows,
Who twin'd a scorpion round my brows,
And stole my only treasure.

My only treasure, "peace of mind"—
Which weary mortals seldom find,
Tho' arduous their endeavour;
That peace which, fugitive to most,
Is like a morning vision lost,
And lost, perhaps, for ever.

But why these plaints, poor muse of mine?
It needs a mightier power than thine
To grant me consolation;
Then farewell sorrow! farewell love!
And let this tear-full torrent prove
Affliction's last oblation.

SYLVIO.

The GOOSE.—*An* ODE.

QUEEN of the horse-pond! thy shrill note
Sounds harsh to music's fine-ton'd ear,
As she beholds thee proudly float,
With crest erect, and eye austere;
Oft diving, with dexterity so great, to
Snatch from the muddy bottom a—potatoe,
Which soon becomes a bone of fierce contention
Among the whole pond's clamorous convention:
For each attempts per force to grapple
The enviable earthly apple,
Without regard to prior right's fair rule,
'Till noisy gabbling,
And angry squabbling,
End in a general war throughout the troubled pool.

Thus for some small terrestrial spot
Wrangle the jealous rulers of mankind;
Which when the victor ev'n has got,
'Tis not worth half the cost we find.
But mighty hosts must be equipp'd,
And many a bloody contest tried,

Nations

Nations be pluck'd, and treasuries stripp'd,
To gratify ambition's greedy pride!

Incomparable bird! we're all thy debtors,
Tho' some account thee quarrelsome, or rude;
Thy quill promotes the noble cause of letters,
Thy flesh supplies our board with wholesome food.
Thou viest, at least, in merit with the sheep,
Whose fleece defends us from the wintry storm;
For our accommodation, when we sleep,
A downy couch thy useful feathers form.
Thus day and night unceasingly, do we
Receive essential benefits from thee.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! if e'er my treacherous memory lose
The dear remembrance of thy thousand charms;
Or if my tongue, ungrateful, e'er refuse
To own the pow'r that thus my bosom warms;

If, from the giddy height of varied joys,
I e'er survey thee with unthinking pride;
Or if my eye prefer wealth's glittering toys
To the pure offerings of my virtuous guide;

If fame or honour tempt me to resign
These sweet responsive pleasures of the heart;
If for dull ease I yield thy form divine,
Nor sigh when pow'rful duty bids us part;

Nay, friendship, if beyond all earthly good,
I do not value thee, and court thy smile,
May I be doom'd to endless solitude,
Without a hope my sadness to beguile!

May fancy quench her ever brilliant ray,
And leave me in a worse than tenfold night!
And meek content, and memory, wing their way,
And love, and all that can inspire delight!

But vain my vows, while thy dear form remains
To fix my soul, and keep my wishes free;
I cannot leave thee, for my heart disdains,
All objects that my eyes survey, but thee!

Topsham. H. T.

TO FLATTERY.

FLATTERY! with gentle hand
Feel the pulses of my heart!
Thine is an enchanting wand,
When thy spells conceal their art.

Soothe me with a modest praise,
Rather hint than speak thy love.
Guard me from the poet's lays,
Wild on fancy's wings they rove.

Take the pencil for thy guide,
Mark the charm that wins the sight,
When the dazzling colours hide
In the blended—shade and light.

E. M.